

The River

When the Colorado
Burst Its Banks and
Flooded the Imperial
Valley of California

By
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—K. C. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific, is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson, Arizona. "Casey" is an enigma to the office force; he wears "dude" clothes, but he has resigned a chair of engineering in the East to go on the road as a salesman and his promotion had been expected. Rickard is a bachelor, and Rickard reads a report on the ravages of the Colorado, despite the efforts of Thomas Hardin of the Desert Reclamation company. This Hardin had been a student of Rickard's and had been a student of Rickard's and had been a student of Rickard's.

CHAPTER II—Marshall tells Rickard that the Overland Pacific has got to stop in to save the Imperial Valley and sends him to the break. Rickard declines because he does not want to supplant Hardin, but is won over. "Stop the river, damn the expense," says Marshall.

CHAPTER III—Rickard journeys to Calexico, sees the irrigated desert and hears much about Hardin and his work. CHAPTER IV—At the hotel, he meets Rickard and Mrs. Hardin and Innes Hardin, Hardin's half sister. Disappointed in her husband and an incorrigible coquette, Mrs. Hardin sets her cap for her former teacher and invites him to dinner.

CHAPTER V—Rickard visits the company's offices and takes control. He finds an engineer, Estrada, and a sulky, sullen man, Estrada, a Mexican, son of the "Father of the Imperial Valley," tells him of the general situation.

CHAPTER VI—Rickard attends a meeting of the directors and asserts his authority. Hardin rages. Estrada tells Rickard of his foreboding that his work will fail. "I can't see it finished."

CHAPTER VII—Innes is discovered in her garden. She tries to cheer up Hardin, who is furious against Rickard.

CHAPTER VIII—A family luncheon of the Hardins which throws light on them.

CHAPTER IX—Hardin discovers that Rickard is planning a levee to protect Calexico and puts him down as incompetent. Gerty thinks her lord jealous.

CHAPTER X—The Hardin dinner to Rickard discloses further the family characteristics. Hardin is sulky and sulky. Rickard is a handsome fellow. Gerty plans a progressive ride in Rickard's honor.

CHAPTER XI—Rickard encounters the subordination of the company's engineers. He is stirred by the Indians' statement that this is the hundredth year of a flood when the Great Yellow Dragon, the Colorado, would rise and make his annual preparations, pushes work on the Calexico levee and is ordered by Marshall to "take a fighting chance" on the completion of Hardin's pet project, a gate to shut the break in the river.

CHAPTER XII—San Francisco is devastated by an earthquake and fire, and Rickard is called to the city. Rickard has ordered Hardin to have shipped, is burned through Rickard's neglect. Rickard secretly equips the water tower as a signal station.

CHAPTER XIII—Gerty Hardin decides that Rickard still loves her and plans a campaign that promises trouble.

CHAPTER XIV—The progressive ride has begun under adverse conditions—wind and dust—with the guest of honor absent. Then MacLean, Rickard's secretary, brings word that the river is raging and every man is wanted on the levee.

CHAPTER XV—Hardin motors off with a load of dynamite, leaving everything in confusion on the levee. Innes, through a kindly engineer, "issues" orders in her brother's name, to save her brother's face. The levee and the signal tower save Calexico till Rickard's return.

CHAPTER XVI—Gerty Hardin begins to get really interested in Rickard. The river flows a gale and the levee is in danger again.

CHAPTER XVII—Women as well as men work on the levee one night. Innes finds Rickard and Gerty together and begins to suspect her sister-in-law. Her brother's wrongheadedness and Rickard's evident efficiency only serve to embitter Innes against Rickard.

CHAPTER XVIII—The river washes away half of Mexican, Calexico's Mexican twin city, but Calexico still stands.

CHAPTER XIX—A stormy public meeting is held in which representatives of the settlers, the Overland Pacific and Mexico clash. A telegram from Rickard that the river has broken out again saves a big row and forces united action by all.

CHAPTER XX—The scene shifts from Calexico to the construction camp at the break in the river bank where Rickard's forces are constructing Hardin's gate. Innes comes from Los Angeles to stay with the Hardins. Rickard's revelation.

CHAPTER XXI—Estrada gives Innes a new viewpoint of her brother and Rickard. Gerty arranges for her family to stay in the mess tent and the two Hardins understand why.

CHAPTER XXII—Rickard visits the home of Maldonado, a house of mystery.

CHAPTER XXIII—Gerty Hardin gets permission from Rickard to direct Ling, the Chinese mess cook, Senora Maldonado betrays her husband through jealousy.

CHAPTER XXIV—Ling says, "Woman who stay, Ling go." Rickard sides with the Chinese. Hardin finds Senora Maldonado a Rickard's tent.

CHAPTER XXV—Gerty hints to Innes of disgraceful relations between Rickard and the Mexican woman. Innes is much disturbed, but thinks it is entirely because she hates scandal.

CHAPTER XXVI—A time of great activity and anxiety—will Hardin's gate stand? Gerty tries to get her husband to report the "scandal" to Marshall. He refuses and discovers he has lost his wife's love.

CHAPTER XXVII—Rickard escorts Innes home from Marshall's private car; they find the Mexican woman in his tent. Innes goes on alone, furious with Rickard. The Maldonado woman has come to tell Rickard of her husband's murder.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Innes is frightened by the Maldonado murderer and runs to Rickard. A great light bursts upon them both. Gerty Hardin watches them.

CHAPTER XXIX—Godfrey, the world famous tenor, comes to visit the camp. He and Gerty Hardin are mutually attracted. Gerty begins to see "a way out."

CHAPTER XXX—The Hardin gate goes out.

CHAPTER XXXI—Spectacular strike of the Indian tribes on the work.

CHAPTER XXXII—Godfrey sings in the moonlight with varying effects on various people.

CHAPTER XXXIII—The final battle with the Colorado. Why Estrada couldn't see the flash.

CHAPTER XXXIV—Godfrey and Gerty Hardin elope.

CHAPTER XXXV—Casey and Innes.

story. She had learned never to take the face value of her sister's verbal coin; it was only a symbol of value; it stood for something else.

The yellow eyes were on the dredge bucket as it swung across the channel, but they did not register. She was angry, outraged; she did not know with whom. With Gerty for telling her, with Rickard, with life that lets such things be. She jumped up. "Oh, stop it!" She rushed out of the tent, followed by a strange bitter smile that brought age to the face of Gerty Hardin.

In her own tent, Innes found excuse for her lack of self-control. She did not like the color of scandal; she hated smudge. Gerty had said the whole camp knew it; knew why the Mexican woman was in camp! She did not trust Gerty in anything else; why should she trust her in that? She would forget Gerty's gossip.

But she remembered it vividly that week as she washed her own khakis; as she bent over the ironing board in Gerty's sweltering "kitchenette." She thought of it as she returned Rickard's bow in the mess tent the next morning; each time they met she thought of it. And it was in her mind when she met Senora Maldonado by the river one day, and made a sudden wide curve to avoid having to speak to her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Time the Umpire.

The river was low; its yellow waters bore the look of oriental duplicity. Each day was now showing its progress. The two ends of the trestle were creeping across the stream from their brush aprons. A few weeks of work, at the present rate, and the gap would be closed, Hardin's big gate in it; the by-pass ready; the trap set for the Colorado. The tenacity of a last spurt was in the air.

It was inspiring activity, this pitting of man's cumulative skill against an elemental force. No Caucasian mind which did not tingle, feel the privileged thrill of it. To the solid native this day of well-paid toil was his millennium, the fulfillment of the prophecy. His gods had so spoken. Food for his stomach, liquor for his stupefaction; the white man's money laid in a brown hand each Sunday morning was what the great gods foretold. The completion of the work, the white man's victory, would be an end of the fat time. Hasten? Why should they, and shorten their day of opportunity?

Between the two camps oscillated Colonel, silently squatting near the whites, jabbering his primitive Esperanto to the tribes. His friendship with the white chiefs, his age and natural leadership gave him a unique position in both camps. Assiduously, Rickard cultivated the old Indian who crouched days through by the bank of the river.

The engineers felt the whip of excitement. Never a man left the camp in the morning who did not look toward that span crawling across the treacherous stream, measure that widened by-pass. Would the gate stand? The Hardin men hallooed for the gate, but looked each morning to see if it were still there. The Reclamation Service men and the engineers of the railroad were openly skeptical; Sisyphean outcome at his own game! Estrada and Rickard looked furtively at the gate, with doubt at each other.

Hardin, himself, was repressed, an eager live wire. His days he spent on the river; his nights, long hours of them, open-eyed, on his back, watching the slow-wheeling, star-pricked dome of desert sky. His was the suspense of the man on trial; this was his trial; Gerty, Rickard, the valley, his judge and jury. The gate grew to be a symbol with him of restored honor, an obsession of desire. It must be all right!

Rickard was all over the place. "Watching every piece of rock that's dumped in the river," complained Wooster. "Believe he marks them at night!"

They were preparing for the final rush. In a week or two, the work would be continuous, night shifts to begin when the rock-pouring commenced. Large lamps were being suspended across the channel, acetylene whose candlepower was that of an arc light. Soon there would be no night at the break. When the time for the quick coup would come, the dam must be closed without break or slip. One mat was down, dropped on the floor that had already swallowed two such gigantic mouthfuls; covered with rock; pinned down to the slippery bottom with piles. Another mat was ready to drop; rock was waiting to be poured over it; the deepest place in the channel was reduced from fifteen to seven feet. Each day the overpour, anxiously measured, increased. A third steam shovel had been added; the railroad sent in several work trains fully equipped for service; attracted by the excitement, the hoboes were commencing to come in.

It was a battle of big numbers, a duel of great force where time was the umpire. Any minute hot weather might fall on those snowy peaks up yonder, and the released waters, rushing down, would tear out the defenses as a wave breaks over a child's fort made of sand. This was a race, and all knew it. A regular train dispatch system was in force that the rushing cars might drop their burden of rock and gravel and be off after more. The Dragon was being fed rude meals, its appetite whetted by the glut of pouring rock.

Tod Marshall came down from Tucson in his car. The coming of the Palmyra and Claudia rippled the social waters at the front for day-

ahead. Gerty Hardin, too proud to tell her astonished family that she wanted to desert the mess tent, shook herself from her injury, and "did up" all her lingerie gowns. Mrs. Marshall was not going to patronize her, even if her husband had snubbed Tom. It was hot, ironing in her tent, the doors closed. Everything carried a sting those indoor hours. She was aflame with hot vanity. Twice, she had openly encouraged Rickard; twice, he had flouted her. That was his kind! Men who prefer Mexicans—! She would never forgive him, never!

She followed devious channels to involve Tom's responsibility. There was a cabal against the wife of Hardin. Working like a servant! she called it. Everything, every one punished her for that one act of folly. Life had caught her. She saw no way, as she ironed her mull ruffles, no way out of her cage. Her spirit beat wild wings against her bars. If she could see a way out! Nothing to do but to stay with Tom!

Maddening, too, that at the mess table, she caught Rickard's eyes turning toward, resting on, Innes Hardin. The girl herself did not seem to notice—artful, subterranean, such stalking! That was why she had come running back to the Heading! That the reason of her anger when she had hinted of the Maldonado. She learned to hate Innes. Bitterly she hated Rickard.

"Tom," she said one day. He turned with a swift thrill of expectation, for her voice sounded kind; like the Gerty of old. "I have always heard that Mr. Marshall has terribly strict ideas. I think he ought to hear of that Mexican woman. It is demoralizing in a camp like this."

"I tell Marshall anything against his pet clerk?" The Hardin lip shot out. "He'd throw me out of the company."

The pretty scene was spoiled. To his dismay, she burst into a storm of tears, tears of self-pity. Her life lay in tatters at her feet, the pretty fabric rent, torn between the rude handling of those two men. She could not have reasoned out her injury, made it convincing, built out of dreams as it was, heartless, scheming dreams. Because she could not tell it, her sobbing was the more violent, her complaints incoherent. Tom gathered enough fragments to piece the old story. "Ashamed of him. He had dragged her down into his humiliation." His sweet moment had passed.

He spent a few futile moments trying to comfort her.

"Don't come near me." It burst from her; a cry of revulsion. He stared at her, the woman meeting his eyes in flushed defiance. The hatred which he saw, her bitterness, corroded his pride, scorched his self-love. Nothing would kill his love for her; he knew that in that blackest of moments. He would never forget that look of dread, of hate. He left her tent.

That night, the cot under the stars had no tenant. Hardin had it out with himself down the levee.

That valley might fulfill Estrada's vision and his labor; might yield the harvest of happy homes; but his was not there. He had been the sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Walk Home.

Claudia Marshall sat at the head of her stately table in the Palmyra, mute as a statue but for the burning eyes which followed her. To Innes, her guest, it was a tragic presence, of brooding solicitude.

Late hours, excitement, might abridge the life she so passionately policed; but she would not demand the sacrifice of her cigar.

Marshall's cigar followed the coffee. Tony, the white-capped Italian cook of the Palmyra, was removing the cups. Innes was carrying her double interest, listening to Tod Marshall's broad sweep, getting a new viewpoint as he minimized the local scheme—feeling that silent presence at the head of the table.

Then something drove Claudia from her mind. What Mr. Marshall had said swept a disturbing calcium on Tom. What if, truly, the river fiasco could be traced to that overzealous hand? To Tom, this undertaking blotted out the rest of related big endeavor; but that was not the way her host was looking at it. He was too courteous to give her discomfort; he had not said it directly. But always it met her, rose up to smite her, wherever she was. Was it not egotism, personal pride, that was making her cover her eyes, like any simple ostrich? Her brother—assume him anybody else's brother! The dredge fiasco—the wild night at the levee—no isolated accidents those. Hardin's luck!

A flush of miserable shame came to her. How they had all been trying to spare her—Eduardo, these kindly Marshalls—MacLean! She was turning, impulsively, to ask Tod Marshall if he thought, could he think it probable that they would fall, when a step that sent the blood to her face took the car's stairs at two leaps. Now, indeed, the dinner was spoiled.

"That's Rickard. I forgot to tell you that I asked him to dinner. He couldn't get away. He said he'd run in for coffee. Hello, Rickard. Thought you'd forgotten us!"

She hadn't thought of that contingency! She found herself shaking hands with him. Could he not hear her mind, ticking away at the Maldonado episode?

Of course he would insist on seeing her to her tent. Punctilious, always. Well, she just wouldn't. Perhaps she could slip out some way. She would watch her chance.

"Can I talk shop for a while?" asked Rickard.

They withdrew to a cushioned window seat. Innes had found her chance. She asked to be shown over the car. Innes confided her plan. She wanted



"Thought You'd Forgotten Us."

to slip out. "She would not interrupt their evening; Mr. Marshall had business to discuss—"

Mrs. Marshall would not hear of it. She said that Mr. Marshall would never forgive her if she let Miss Hardin go home alone. Her opposition was softly implacable.

Innes went back to the sitting room of the car angrily coerced. Rickard was still closeted, conversationally, with his superior.

At last, desperately, she rose to go. Of course, he must insist upon going with her. Of course!

"I was going back early, anyway. I'm to be up at dawn tomorrow."

The good-bys were said. She found herself walking rebelliously by his side. "No, thank you!" to the offer of his arm.

The night was bright with stars. "Bright as day, isn't it?" Because her voice was curt, and she had not used his name, the rising inflection helped a little. Hateful, to stumble over a rut in the road! Of course, he'd make her take his arm! Of course!

Rickard grasped her elbow. She walked along, her head high, her cheeks flaming, anger surging through her at his touch.

Stupid to press this companionship, this awkward silence on her. If he thought she was going to entertain him, as Gerty did, with her swift chatter, he'd be surprised! Any other two people would fall into easy give-and-take, but what could she, Innes Hardin, find to chatter about with this man stalking along, grimly grasping her arm? Close as they were, his touch reminding her every minute, between them walked her brother and her brother's wife—and there was the Mexican—hateful memory! Of course she could not be casual. And she would not force it. He had brought this about. Let him talk, then!

Oppressive that silence. Then it came to her that she would ask him the question that she coming had aborted. A glance at his face found him smiling. He found it amusing? Not for worlds, then, would she speak. And they stalked along. Unconsciously she had pulled herself away from him. He took her hand and put it in the crotch of his arm. "That's better," he said. She wondered if he were still smiling.

Their path led by his tent. Neither of them noticed a subdued light through the canvas walls. As they reached the place a figure darted from the door.

"Oh, senior, I thought you would never come." It was the wife of Maldonado. Her expression was lost on Innes. The face was quivering with terror.

"Mr. Rickard," Innes' words like icicles, "I will leave you here. It is quite unnecessary to come farther." Quite unvelled her meaning!

It came so quickly that he was not ready; nor indeed had Gerty's innuendo yet reached him. But the situation was uncomfortable. He turned sharply to the Mexican.

"Come in," he took her roughly by the arm. She would wake up the camp with her crying. He put her in a chair. "Now tell your story." The woman had got to be a nuisance. He couldn't have her coming around like this. He had seen that look in the girl's eyes—"Murdered? Who did you say was murdered?"

She lifted a face, frightened into haggardness. "Maldonado and the girl."

The night was stripped to the tragedy. "You found them?"

Her face was lifted imploringly to him. "Oh, senior, it was not I. By the Mother of Christ, it was not I."

Rickard was not sure. Her fear made him suspect her. "Who was it, you think?"

"Felipe," she gasped. "He got away from the rurales—he came back. He went home—there was no one there. Some one told him where she had gone. He came to Maldonado's. Lucrezia, the eldest, opened the gate. He was terrible, she said. He rushed past her. And when he came out his hands were red. The children heard cries. They were afraid to go in. I got there last night. I went in. They were not quite cold—I was afraid to stay. It would look like me, senior. Will they take me, senior?" She was a wreck of terror.

"Not if what you tell me is true. Now, get to bed. I'll give you something that will make you sleep." He

hustled her out and prepared the draught.

He wondered as he got into bed as to the truth of her story. Disgusting, such animal terror! Awkward hole, that. Fate seemed possessed to queer him with those Hardins!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Discovery.

The murder of Maldonado shook the camp next morning. Three rurales, in brilliant trappings, rode up to Rickard's ramada. The leader, entering the office, announced that they were on the track of a criminal, the murderer of a rual, Maldonado. He was an Indian named Felipe. He repeated the story Rickard had heard before. Would the senior give his respected permission for notices to be posted, about the camp? A description of the Indian, a reward for his capture; the favor would be inestimable.

Rickard saw the notice later that day. It was nailed to the back platform of the Palmyra. He was on Marshall's trail, his chief having failed to keep an appointment with him. They were to test the gate that afternoon; Marshall was returning soon to Tucson.

Rickard turned back toward camp, deep in thought; so intent that a sharp cry had lost its echo before the import came to him. He stopped, hearing running steps behind him. Innes Hardin was loping up the bank like a young deer, with terror in her eyes.

"Mr. Rickard!" she cried. "Mr. Rickard!"

She was trembling. Her fright had flushed her; cheek to brow was glowing with startled blood. He saw an old flash of startling beauty, the veil of tan torn off by her emotion. The wave of her terror caught him. He put out his hand to steady her. She stood recovering herself, regaining her spent breath. Rickard remembered that this was the first time he had seen her since the murder of Maldonado, since the meeting with the Mexican woman at his tent. "What was it frightened you?"

"The Indian, the murderer. Just as they describe him on those notices. I must have fallen asleep. I'd been reading. I heard a noise in the brush and there was his face staring at me." Her breath was still uneven. "I screamed and ran. Silly to be so scared."

He started toward the willows, but she grabbed his sleeve. "Oh, don't." She flushed, thinking to meet the quick smile, but his eyes were grave. He "so, had had his fright. They stood staring at each other. "I'm afraid—"

She completed. How he would despise her cowardice! But she could not let him know that her fear had been for him!

He was looking at her. Suppose anything had happened to her! He had a minute of nausea. If that brute had hurt her—and then he knew how it was with him!

He looked at her gravely. Of course, he had known it a long time. It was true. She was going to belong to him. If that brute had hurt her!

She shrank under his gravity; this was something she did not understand. They were silent, walking toward the encampment. Rickard did not care to talk. It was not the time; and he had been badly shaken. Innes was tremulously conscious of the palpitating silence. She fluttered toward giddy speech. Her walk that day, Mr. Rickard! She had heard that water had started to flow down the old river bed; she had wanted to see it, and there was no one to go with her. Her sentence broke off. The look he had turned on her was so dominant, so tender. Amused at her giddiness, and yet loving her! Loving her! They were silent again.

"You won't go off alone, again." He had not asked it, at parting. His inflection demanding it of her, was of ownership. She did not meet his eyes.

Later, when she was lying on her bed, face downward, routed, she tried to analyze that possessive challenge of his gaze, but it eluded words. She summoned her pride, but the meaning called her, sense and mind and soul of her. It cried to her: "I, Casey Rickard, whom your brother hates, once the lover of Gerty Holmes, I am the mate for you. And I'm going to come and take you some day. Some day, when I have time!"

Oh, yes, she was angry with him; she had some pride. "Why didn't he tell me then?" she cried in a warm tumult to her pillow. "For I would have given him his answer. I had time, ample time, to tell him that it was not true." For she wanted a different sort of lover, not a second-hand discard; but one who belonged all to herself; one who would woo, not take her with that strange sure look of his. "You'll be waiting when I come." Ah, she would not, indeed! She would show him!

And then she lay quite still with her hand over her heart. She would be waiting when he came for her! Because, though life had brought them together so roughly, so tactlessly had naughted things, yet she knew. She would be waiting for him!

Before he had left her, Rickard had followed a swift impulse. Those bronze lamps averted still? Was she remembering—last night? No mistake like that should rest between them. He must set that straight. That much he allowed himself. Until his work was done. But she knew—she had seen—how it was with him!

"I wonder if you would help me, Miss Hardin? Would you do something for that poor crazed woman? I wanted to ask Mrs. Hardin, but for some reason I've got into her black books. Just the little kindness one woman can give another. A man finds

it difficult. And these Mexican women don't understand a man's friendship."

Her eyes met his squarely. His tantalizing, smile had gone. He was making a demand of her—to believe him, his request his defense. The glances, of yellow eyes and gray, met with a shock, and the world was changed for both. Life, with its many glad voices, was calling to senses and spirit, the girl's still rebellious, the man's sure.

Rickard put out his hand. "Good-night!" To both, it carried the sound of "I love you!" She put her hand to his, then tore her fingers away, furious with them for clinging. Where was her pride? When he had time! She fled into her tent.

Neither of them had seen Gerty Hardin watching them from her tent door.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Glimpse of Freedom.

The siding was deserted. The Palmyra had run out to Tucson. Marshall had gone without apprehension. They did not expect now to have setbacks, to have to extend the time set for the ultimate diversion. The days were flowing like oil. The encampment was filling up with visitors, newspaper men who came to report the spectacular capture of the river.

Rickard's day badly begun, piled up with vexations. By sundown, he was wet to the skin, and mad as a sick Arizona cat.

In this jaundiced juncture, MacLean, Jr., brought down his dispatches to the river. He read of the burning of a trainload of railroad ties. Rickard swore.

"Anything else pleasant?" "A letter from the governor—from dad." MacLean read that his father begged a small favor of Rickard.

"Godfrey, the celebrated English tenor, is on my hands. His doctors have been advising outdoor occupation. I am sending him to you, asking you to give him any job you may have. He is willing to do anything. Put him at something to keep him occupied."

MacLean saw Rickard's face turn red. "Suffering cats! A worn-out opera singer! What sort of an opera does he think we're giving down here? Why doesn't he send me a fur coat, or a pair of girl twins? Give the tenor a role! Anything else? Pile it all on."

"Oh, and one from Godfrey himself. He's in Los Angeles. He says he'll be here tomorrow." He did not wait for his chief's reply.

At the supper table, Rickard, dry and in restored humor, alluded to the invasion of high notes. "Pity the parts are all assigned! The only vacancy is in the kitchen. I wonder how he would like to be understudy to Ling!"

The next day when the incident had been forgotten, and while Rickard was up at the Crossing on the concrete gate, Godfrey blew into camp. He



Godfrey Blew Into Camp.

was like a boy out on a lark. His brown eyes were dancing over the adventure. He explored the camp and came back bubbling.

"It's the biggest I ever saw. But say, Junior, that's what they call you, isn't it? I'm the only idle man here. Can't you give me something to do? I'll do anything. I'd like the boss to find me busy when he comes in."

MacLean softened the offer. Perhaps until Mr. Godfrey learned the ropes he could be of general use. They were short-handed the present moment—there was another hesitation—in the kitchen! Ling, the Chinese cook, was overcrowded—so many visitors!

"Great," crowed Godfrey, slapping him on the shoulder. "I don't want to feel in the way. I want to earn my board. Lead me to the cook!"

That evening, the dinner was helped on its way by the best-paid singer of England. In an apron, borrowed of Ling, he was "having the time of his life." Ling, pretending to scold, had been won immediately. Rickard, hearing of the jolly advent, forgot his vexation, and immediately on his return made his way to the mesquit inclosure—to greet the friend of George MacLean.

After dinner, MacLean carried off his prize to the Delta, where Godfrey earned his welcome. Gerty Hardin forgot to flirt with the engineers; she had discovered a new sensation. The wondrous voice twisted her heartstrings; it told her that the heart that has truly loved never forgets, and she